

Anne. I meane (M. Slender) what wold you with me?
 Slender. Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vnclie hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now M. Slender; Loue him daughter Anne. Why how now? What does Mr Fenter here? You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house. I told you Sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good M. Fenton, come not to my child:

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. Fenton.

Come M. Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in; Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. Fenton.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris Page.

Fen. Good Mist. Page, for that I loue your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners, I must aduance the colours of my loue, And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole. Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth, And bowld to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loues you, And as I finde her, so am I affected: Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in, Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell Nan.

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian: Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee; and I pray thee once to night, Give my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris Anne, or I would M. Slender had her; or (in sooth) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I haue promised, and hee bee as good as my word, but speciously for M. Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir Iohn Falstaffe from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.

Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be seru'd such another trick, I haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'd a

blinde bitches Puppies, fiftene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I should downe. I had bene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I haue bene, when I had bene swel'd? I should haue bene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?

Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Chalicees:

Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: He no Puller-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

Fal. Mist. Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Woman's

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betwene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betwene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of M. Broome: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, heere be comes.

Ford. Blessie you Sir.

Fal. Now M. Broome, you come to know What hath past betwene me, and Ford's wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is my businesse.

Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. Broome.

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M. Broome) but the peaking Curmuto her husband (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one Mist. Page, giues intelligence of Ford's approach: and in her invention, and Ford's wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford

Actus Quartus.

Enter Mistris Page, & Qu.

Mist. Page. Is he at M. Ford's?

Qui. Sure he is by this; truly he is very courageous into the water. Mistris Ford dainely.

Mist. Page. He be with her my yong-man here to Schoole comes; 'tis a playing day for Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master Slender is

Qui. Blessing of his heart

Mist. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband fits nothing in the world at him some questions in his

Eua. Come hither William

Mist. Page. Come on Sir

swere your Master, be not aff

Eua. William, how many l

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought th

more, because they say od's-b

Eua. Peace, your tarlings.

Will. Pulcher,

Qu. Powlcats? there are f

sure.

Eua. You are a very simp

peace. What is (Lapis) Willi

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is Lapis: I pr

praine.

Will. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good William

do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed

thus declined. Singulariter not

Eua. Nominatino big, bag, b

two huius: Well: what is you

Will. Accusatino hinc.

Eua. I pray you haue your

enfatino hing, hang, hog.

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten fo

Eua. Leauue your prables (

riue case (William?)

Will. O, Vocatino, O.

Eua. Remember William, F

Qu. And that's a good root

Eua. O'man, forbearc.

Mist. Page. Peace.

Eua: What is your Genitine

Will. Genitine case?

Eua. I.

Will. Genitine horum, harum

Qu. Vengeance of Ginyes

name her (childe) if she be a w

Eua. For shame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach th

teaches him to bic, and to ha

enough of them selues, and to

Exeunt.